

Good Morning

153

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



Look—
we've made
**ARTHUR
ASKEY**
take his
hat off
to you

I get around

By RONALD RICHARDS

IN London, some ably his most notable achieve-
ment. Others include several
on the "standing room only" Continental palaces.
racket again.

You probably know the trick.
It was stamped upon when
newspapers brought it to light
early in the war.

When the patron goes to the
office for his admission ticket
he is told by the commission-
aire, "No seats at half-a-crown,
six shillings only." The patron,
particularly Service men, often
take the chance and buy a half-
crown ticket to stand. When
they get in there are plenty of
half-crown seats.

The most advisable course to
take in such circumstances is
to keep the half-ticket, enquire
from the usherette as to the
row number, and when you
leave advise the manager that
your complaint will be made in
writing the following day.

Failing a satisfactory ex-
planation, I should be inter-
ested to have full details, which
would be sent on to another
body.

According to Wal-
ter Winchell:—

Occasionally one of Franklin
Roosevelt's intimates, the breath
of the draft board hot on his
neck, comes to the President
and says he wants to enlist in
whatever Service the President
suggests, counting on F.D.R. to
fix him up in a soft spot.

For any such the President
has a stock answer: "Great!
I'm glad you feel that way. We
need crews to man our sub-
marines!"

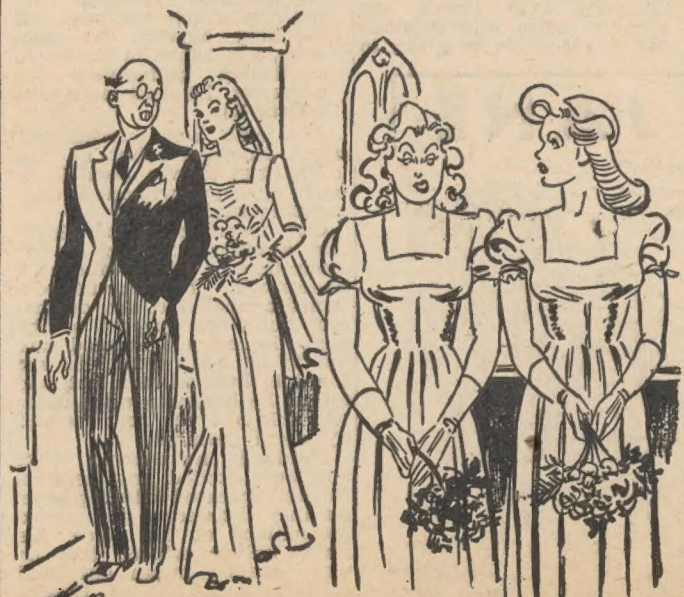
WHEN film-players
sign on for Gains-
borough Films they are re-
quested to complete a form.
The first question is: Full
names. The second: Born.

When Arthur Askey com-
pleted his form for "Bees in
Paradise," he wrote for the sec-
ond question: YES!

FROM California
comes news that
Paul Baldecchi, famous sculp-
tor, is now modelling aircraft
wings and airscrews for the
U.S. Army.

Baldecchi's speciality, you
may recall, was interior deco-
rative modelling; the ballroom at
Buckingham Palace was prob-

"RATIONAL" BEHAVIOUR !



"I don't know what she sees in him—unless he's a butcher."

to South America, where he
made a considerable fortune.

Trouble broke out in Argen-
tine and he lost his money.
Shortly after his wife died and
he returned to England. Within
a few months of his return he
took a lease on three London
theatres and produced shows at
each of them. One theatre was
destroyed in the raids, and the
other two are flourishing.

When I called at his dingy
little office at the Ambassadors
he said, "Yes, this is a grand
show and there are some grand
youngsters in it. It makes me
very happy to help these no-
bodies into stars."

He rattled off a number of
stars whom he had made. It
was a pity, I thought, that he
would never see these folk
again clearly.

Jack Pemberton, you see, is
nearly blind.

LOOKING round Lon-
don...

I have never seen so many
uniforms as there are here now,
and so few soldiers.

It's nice work if you can get it, being an £80 A DAY FISHERMAN

Chris Gould tells you
all about the job

"HELL, there goes a dollar!"
yelled the man in the red
woollen cap, and at that
instant a writhing, sea-bred
seven-pound salmon struggled
out of the net and back into the
sea.

In a vast arc, at intervals of
about 20 yards, it travelled
along the surface, in terrific
muscular leaps of 20 feet, a
living torpedo, plunging, career-
ing madly, either in terror or
ecstasy; until it finally went
deeper and leaped no more.

Just one "dollar fish"—
sockeyes the Canadian and
U.S. salmon netters call them
—gone back to the sea, and
escaping the cannery. But
on one "seiner" the total
salmon catch may be 15,000
fish, at 80 cents to a dollar a
time.

It's an amazing sight, this
convoy of salmon-fishing craft
off the B.C. coast, the little
ships that are feeding Britain.

The seiners, the big boats,
left at dawn from the Fraser
and went far out and down the
Gulf of Georgia to meet the
incoming salmon harvest.

Early in the run they went
far down, near where the
Americans were making their
first, their choice skimming
of the crop. As the stampede
drew northward to the great
Fraser, home of them all, the
seiners backed up, day by day.

They go out in as much of a
flotilla as they can, because
the channels and the tides
which the sockeyes ride are
well known to the captains, and
the best captains are watched
narrowly by all the rest.

THE NET GOES OUT.

Overside goes the dory; a
rope is attached to the outer
end of the piled seine net,
with its thick corks to float it,
and its big fat lead weights to
sink it; and its brass rings, big
round as a tea plate, to purse it
when the fish are in the bag.

It is quite a common thing
for the skipper of just one
seiner to net 50,000 big fish
in a season, which means
nearly a quarter of a million
tins of first-grade salmon for
Britain. You begin to think
it is a miracle there are so
many fish in the sea.

The gill netters are the little
people of the miracle. But
they have the most fun. The
average gill-net boat is a
chunky little craft of 32 feet,
with a small cabin forward, a
round drum amidships for
helping haul in the net, and a
sort of slide or pulley at the
stern over which the 150-
fathom, of 300 yards long, net,
with its floats and sinkers,
comes, hand-fed, but engine-
drum hauled.

You will see little boats like
them all over the waterfront of
the world, in Muskoka, on the
St. Lawrence, even up on the
lumberjack lakes.

It's an art working this tiny
craft in the big fish harvests.
They have to start feeding
their gill-net, 900 feet long, over
the stern. Once they get a few

yards of it out, it is easy to
feed the rest off.

FISH ARE TRAPPED.

They may lay it straight out,
in a line; or curve it; or make
it into a letter S. For this net
does not enclose the salmon.
The salmon, running this way
and that up the river, now fresh



water, hit the net, shove their
heads through, are caught by
their shoulders. And if they
try to back up, are trapped by
the gills.

On the end of their net is a
small wooden buoy with a
bright cloth flag on it. At
night, they put a lantern on it.
This is to warn other fishermen
not to foul the net, although
most of the fishing boats have
a guard or skeg around their
propellers, so they can ride
right over.

The net is fed out to its full
length. With its corks holding
its top edge up and the weights
holding its lower edge down,
there it rides, 12 feet deep in
the river.

Some of the gill-netters
leave it only half an hour.
Others leave it two or three
hours. And then they start
to pull in the silver!

Take the log-book of one
typical skipper. In only ten
days, Captain Joe and his six
chosen crew, netted 50,000 sock-
eye salmon, averaging seven
pounds apiece, in this great
salmon run.

Captain Joe owns the boat,
but, for the salmon season,
charters it to the big canning
company which takes his fish,
so as to put himself and his
crew on the old-established co-
operative basis with the can-
nery.

The catch is divided into 11
shares. That is tradition. To
the boat, 2½ shares. To the net,
a vast, complicated seine, 1½
shares, making 4 shares. The
remaining 7 shares are divided
equally among the seven
aboard, master and six of crew.

It works out at 50,000 fish
at 6½lbs.—325,000lbs. at 13½
cents. For 10 days' work,
each of the crew gets £800—
£80 a day. The net belongs
to Captain Joe, so he gets
another 1½ shares, or £1,200
more.

For 10 days' work in this
subterranean blizzard of preci-
ous sockeye storming up from
the Pacific, Captain Joe gets
£2,000.

AND CHEQUES ARE DRAWN.

From the 2½ shares belonging
to the boat, he gets a rebate,
for chartering it to the comp-

any, or another three or four
thousand.

For 10 days' work, then, of
this Heaven-sent gift of the sea
to us poor, food-rationed,
anxious humanity, Captain Joe
Katnich is somewhere near
£3,200 richer; his crew of six,
plain, strong, brave men of the
seas, Slavs, Swedes, Siwashas,
walk up the catwalk to the
cannery offices and draw a
yellow cheque each for £800.

And, in the day and night
humming cannery, vast and
white by the teeming, stupend-
ously generous life-giving river,
by the action of these seven
men, from the 325,000 pounds of
fish they caught, stream out
more than half a million cans
of salmon, one pound, half
pound and quarter pound.

They go into food reserves in
Britain, food reserves for a
starving Europe.

One of the mightiest weapons
of war.

The promise to France,
Belgium, Holland, Russia—they
all.

LET'S HAVE A LINE

on what you think
of 'Good Morning'
with your ideas.

Address top of
Page 4.

Have You Forgotten

WANGLING WORDS—109

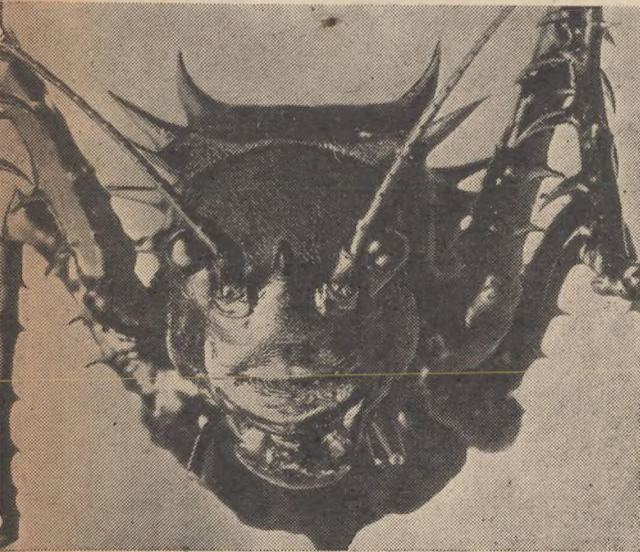
1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after RICTE, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of TH' BIG SWEAR WORD, to make a country town in Herts.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BARK into TREE, CATS into MICE, WEEKS into LATER, MORN into EVEN.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from TERGIVERSATE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 108

1. MAHATMA.
2. TWICKENHAM.
3. FROG, FLOG, CLOG, CLOD, CLAD, GLAD, GOAD, TOAD.
BURNS, BARNS, BARES, BORES, SORES, SORTS, PORT, POETS, POEMS.
GOOD, GOAD, GOAT, COAT, CHAT, CHAP, CHOP, SHOP, SHOT.
NICE, NINE, NONE, CONE, CORE, CORK, WORK.
4. Lion, Lain, Nail, Lino, Mull, Plum, Call, Tail, Lilt, Till, Tail, Clip, Pall, Caul, Pill, Pail, Mill, Mail, Maul, Loam, Alto, Clap, etc.
Clump, Plain, Plait, Mulct, Clamp, Licit, Clipt, etc.

He had ... the gloomy calm of idle vacancy.
Samuel Johnson
(1709-1784).

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Admittedly this magnified creature looks like a Flying Fortress, but actually it is—a Cockroach, Fly, Grasshopper. Mosquito? Can you decide which. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 153: Warthog.

Woodoo?

Continuing "THEY CARRIED BLACK DYNAMITE" By PROSPER MERINEE

SAILING rapidly on the wings of a strong land breeze, the vessel was soon out of sight of the coast of Africa. The captain's mind, no longer haunted with visions of English cruisers, began to dwell on the prospective fortune he hoped to reap in the colonies towards which he was sailing. His cargo of "ebony" was in good health. There were no contagious diseases.

Only twelve negroes had died of suffocation, and they were the weakest—a mere trifle. But in order to preserve this human cargo as much as possible from the effects of the passage he had them brought up on deck once a day.

Three successive batches of these unhappy slaves came up to inhale, for one hour each batch, the stock of fresh air which was to last through the twenty-four hours. A portion of the crew mounted guard, armed to the teeth for fear of insurrection; but they took care that the slaves were never entirely freed from their shackles.

Sometimes a sailor who could play the violin would treat them to some music, and it was curious to watch all those black faces gazing up at the fiddler, gradually losing their look of abject despair, and then breaking forth into loud laughter—clapping their hands, too, as much as their chains would allow them. Exercise being essential to health, one of Captain Ledoux's salutary regulations was that all the slaves should be made to dance.

"Come along, my boys, dance and amuse yourselves!" the captain would shout in a voice of thunder, cracking his heavy slave-whip. In less than no time

the negroes were leaping and dancing.

For some time Tamango's wound kept him below the hatches. But at length he appeared on deck; at first he stood in the midst of the crowd of cringing slaves, holding his proud head very high, and his sad but untroubled eyes gazed over the wide expanse of ocean which surrounded the ship; then he lay down, or rather threw himself down, on the deck, without even troubling to shift his chains into a less awkward position.

Ledoux was sitting behind him on the quarter-deck, smoking his pipe at ease. Near him stood Ayché, holding in her hand a tray of liquors which she was ready to pour out for him. Instead of shackles, she wore a pretty blue cotton dress and dainty morocco shoes, which clearly showed that she occupied a position of honour in the captain's domestic circle.

One of the black men, who loathed Tamango, pointed her out to him. As soon as he caught sight of her he cried out, and, springing up impetuously, reached the quarter-deck before the sailors on guard could prevent such a flagrant breach of discipline.

"Ayché!" he shouted at the top of his voice—and Ayché shrieked as he added, "Do you imagine that there is no Woodoo in the land of the white man?"

The sailors rushed to his side with uplifted clubs, but he calmly folded his arms and walked slowly back to his place, while Ayché burst into a flood of tears, and seemed appalled at his mysterious question.

The interpreter explained what the awful Woodoo was, the very mention of which had roused such terror.

"It is the bogey of the black men," he said. "Picture to yourselves a group of women dancing in an evening—having a 'folgar,' as they call it in their dialect—near a thick and sombre grove. Suddenly weird music is heard. Not a soul is to be seen, for all the musicians are hidden among the trees.

"The sounds of the reed flutes, wooden drums, 'bulafos,' and guitars made of the half of a gourd, make a melody calculated to produce the devil himself. No sooner do the women hear the music than they begin to tremble, and would run away if their husbands would let them; they know too well what is going to happen. Suddenly a huge white figure, as tall as our topgallant-mast, comes stalking out of the wood, with

a head as big as a pumpkin, eyes like hawseholes, and a mouth like the devil's, full of fire.

"It moves slowly, very slowly, and does not come more than half a cable's length away from the grove. The women shriek and yell. It is Woodoo. Some of the women are foolish enough to acknowledge everything, and their husbands proceed to give them a sound thrashing."

"But what is the white figure, this Woodoo?" asked the captain.

"Why, it's only some negro, muffled up in a white sheet, holding up a hollow gourd on the end of a stick, with a lighted candle inside, that serves as a head. It is nothing worse than that, for it does not require much ingenuity to deceive these blacks."

The captain led Ayché down to his room and tried to comfort her, but neither his caresses nor his blows succeeded in pacifying the beautiful negress; her tears flowed in torrents. Ledoux went up on deck in a bad humour and vented his feelings on the officer on duty concerning the first thing that came uppermost.

During the night, when nearly everyone on board was sound asleep and the men on watch were listening to a low, sad, monotonous chant, which seemed to come from the 'tween decks, they heard the shrill, piercing shriek of a woman. Then they heard Ledoux's fierce voice swearing and threatening, and the sound of his heavy whip echoed through the whole vessel. Then the noise ceased, and all was silent. On the morrow Tamango came on deck, his face disfigured, but still as proud and undaunted as ever.

As soon as Ayché caught sight of him she rushed from the quarter-deck, where she had been sitting by the side of the captain, and fell on her knees before Tamango, exclaiming in a frenzy of despair: "Forgive me, Tamango, forgive me!"

Tamango looked steadily into her eyes for a minute, and then, seeing that the interpreter was not within earshot, he ejaculated "A file!" and, turning his back on her, lay down on the deck.

The captain spoke to her savagely, even struck her once or twice, and enjoined her never again to speak to

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Timid beasts. 5 Yield of plants. 10 Obstruction.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10			11					
12			13			14		
			15		16		17	
18		19			20			
21				22			23	24
			25				26	
27	28			29		30		
31			32		33		34	35
36							37	
38						39		

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Willy. 2 Dive. 3 And the rest. 4 Golf stroke. 5 Norfolk coast town. 6 Little bit. 7 Partly cover. 8 South American State. 9 Banged. 13 Success. 16 Lament. 18 Butts. 19 Endurance. 22 Pocketed. 24 Kindly. 26 Stitch. 28 Egress. 30 Footway. 32 Transgress. 34 Behave. 35 Attempt.

- 11 Disentangle. 12 Sailing vessel. 14 Musical performance. 15 An enumerated thing. 17 Strange. 18 Hampshire river. 20 Loyal. 21 Skilful pursuit. 22 Through. 23 Grow old. 25 Eager. 26 Moved fast. 27 Jewel. 29 Sample. 31 Be. 33 Defer action for. 36 Very smallest. 37 Vehicle. 38 Display rack. 39 Angriily.

SHAKEN SAVE
OAK LOBELIA
FRILLS NETS
TONE ELICIT
L MEDAL A
ODOUR MEATH
V CREWE SEE
EMU CIDER W
RELATE LAKE
TEAL LEADER
TREAD NEWS

her ex-husband. But he had not the least inkling of the meaning of the few words they had exchanged, and he did not ask any questions about them.

Tamango, meanwhile, locked up with the other slaves, continually exhorted them to make one great effort to regain their liberty. He spoke to them of the small number of the white men, and called their attention to the increasing carelessness of their guards; and, without going into details, he promised them that he would find some way of leading them back to their country.

He boasted of his knowledge of the occult sciences, for which the black races have great veneration, and declared that any who refused to assist in the attempt would incur the wrath of the devil. All these harangues were delivered in the dialect of the Peules, which was known to most of the slaves, but which the interpreter did not understand.

Such was the credit of the dreaded orator, and so inveterate was their habit of obeying him, that his eloquence worked wonders, and he was begged to fix a day for their emancipation long before he had even had time to work out all his plans.

So he told the conspirators vaguely that the time was not yet come, and that the devil, who appeared to him at night, had not yet given the word; but he bade them hold themselves in readiness for the first signal.

In the meantime he did not lose any opportunity of testing the vigilance of the crew. One day he saw a sailor leaning over the side of the vessel watching a shoal of flying-fish which were following the ship. Tamango took the rifle which had been left standing against the gun-wale, and began to handle it, mimicking grotesquely the exercises he had seen the sailors do.

The rifle was immediately taken from him, but he had learnt that it was possible to touch a weapon without at once arousing suspicion.

One morning Ayché threw him a biscuit, making at the same time a sign which he understood. The biscuit contained a small file, and on that tool hung the success of the plot. Tamango took good care not to let his companions see the file, but, when night had fallen, he began to utter unintelligible sounds, accompanied by weird gestures.

Gradually he became more and more excited, and the mutterings increased to loud groans. As they listened to the varied intonations of his voice, the slaves felt convinced that he was engaged in an animated conversation with an unseen person. They were all terrified, not doubting that the devil was at that moment in their midst.

QUIZ for today

1. A jinricksha is an Indian drink, an African musical instrument, a flower, a small cart, an Eastern spice?
2. Who wrote (a) "Martin Rattler," (b) "Martin Chuzzlewit"?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Folkestone, Dover, Birmingham, Limerick, Manchester, Torquay?
4. Who first sang, "If you were the only girl in the world"?
5. Who said, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"?
6. Who painted "The Cornfield"?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Pincers, Galaxy, Calenture, Calcelaria, Emphractic, Innocous?
8. How many petals has a primrose?
9. In what book do we meet Mr. Jaggers?
10. Correct the misquotation, "For men may come and men may go; but I run on for ever." Who wrote it?
11. Nova Scotia was discovered in 1297, 1397, 1497, 1597?
12. What is the speed of a hard-driven golf ball?

Answers to Quiz in No. 152

1. Cattle disease.
2. (a) Marie Corelli, (b) Goethe.
3. Apricot is a stone fruit; the others are not.
4. N. American Indian chief.
5. George M. Cohan, in a song written in 1917.
6. A very large wine bottle.
7. Parallel, Occasion.
8. Seven.
9. Character in "The Mill on the Floss."
10. "All's right with the world," from Browning's "Pippa Passes."
11. 1851.
12. Yorkshire.

Tamango put the finishing touch to the scene by exclaiming joyfully:—

"Comrades! The spirit which I have conjured has at length fulfilled his promises, and I hold in my hand the talisman which is to save us. Now you only need to summon up a little courage, and you are free men."

Those near him were allowed to feel the file, and not one of them was sharp enough to suspect that the whole thing was a gross imposture.

At length, after many days of expectation, the great day of liberty and vengeance dawned. (To be continued)

Hagen, wounded though he is, rouses himself to rally his Blackguards...



ACH!—KILL HIM, YOU COWARDS!—KILL THE KING!—HE HAS STRUCK DOWN YOUR LEADER!



...when the doors burst open and Democrates appears—with his peasant host behind him!



LONG LIVE HIS MAJESTY!—LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS, YOU TRAITORS!—THE CASTLE IS OURS!



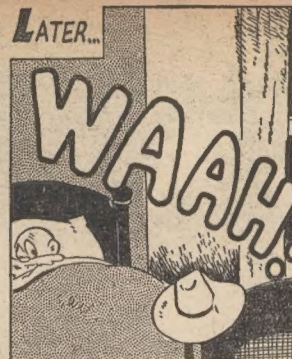
JANE

BEELZEBUB JONES

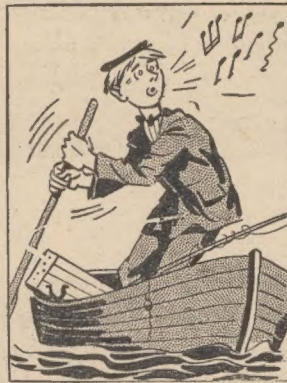
JUST A LITTLE TUMBLING

TUMBLEWEED

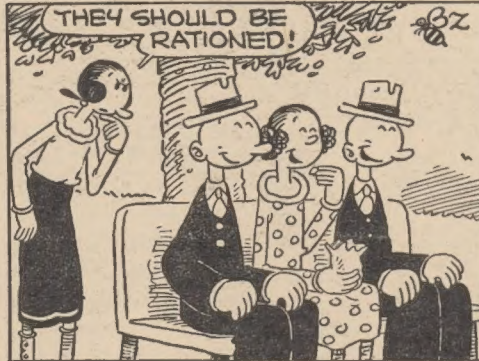
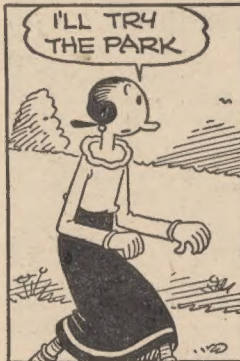
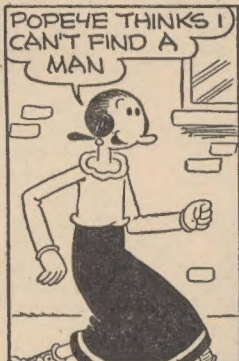
... A HEART-RENDING STORY IN WHICH LEM, ZEKE AND THE SHERIFF FIND THEMSELVES FACE TO FACE WITH AN UNFACEABLE PROBLEM!



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Clubs and their Players—No. 3

By JOHN ALLEN

Manchester United

SOME clubs, in the course of long and brilliant careers, have sampled the fruits of success and the humiliation of failure. Such a club is Manchester United.

Ever since they were known as Newton Heath F.C. the United have had to fight tooth and nail to rise above every adversity, and not a little of their success in this direction can be traced to Louis Rocca, their chief scout, who has been with the club since 1892.

Louis Rocca has a genius for spotting talent. But in the course of this work he has often come near injury. On one occasion, when he went to watch a St. Helens minor team, the club followers guessed that he was seeking Bert Redwood, their brilliant left-back.

A stalwart young man barred Rocca's path and threatened to punch his nose if he sought Redwood. A woman follower went further. She said a hat-pin would be stuck into the talent-spotter if he did not clear out of the town! Rocca, wisely, "got going"—but that night nipped into the town, signed up Redwood, and just as quickly hurried out again.

Manchester United was formed from employees of the local railway company. Their pitch was a disused clay pitch without a blade of grass on it. They changed in a nearby "pub."

Later, having joined the Football Alliance—and the Football League when that body took over—they moved to a more spacious enclosure in North Road. Then they received a shock soon after settling down.

A local church owned the land, and, being against professional football, would only allow the United to use it if they allowed spectators in for nothing! So they moved to another ground, this one being in Bank Lane, Clayton.

In those days players were paid about 25s. a match—and it was not uncommon to see them counting spectators as they entered, to see if it was likely they would get their wages!

Eventually, gates became so poor that the bailiffs took charge. In the meantime the gas had been cut off! The only thing left by the bailiffs was an ancient clock—and they only left this because it would not work!

Harry Stafford, captain of the club, and Louis Rocca, hired the St. James's Hall, Manchester, and held a bazaar for club funds. It was not a big success—but fate took a hand.

On the last day of the bazaar the prize St. Bernard of skipper Harry Stafford was lost. Eventually he put an advertisement in the local paper seeking information. He received a letter two days later asking him to call round to a local hotel. He did, and discovered that Mr. John Davies, a wealthy local brewer, had found the dog.

During the conversation Davies began to "talk football," and was impressed when he heard that Harry was prepared to loan the club £200. So interested did the brewer become that he eventually bought up the controlling interest in the club!

In 1908—six years after they were so bankrupt that they had to pick their teams by candlelight because the gas had been cut off—Manchester United were Champions of the Football League!

Since then they have had other successes—and failures. Once they were so badly off from a financial angle that players and officials had to make a shop-to-shop collection to raise the necessary £81 for the trip to Bristol City.

The local folk rallied to their aid—and since then the United has never looked back.

Louis Rocca still finds the stars. He has been down coal mines, inside flour factories, and anywhere in his hunt for future ace footballers. He discovered Johnny Hanlon when the lad was playing for the local schools' team on the Old Trafford ground. Although Hanlon was frail, Rocca "built him up."

Louis Rocca is the "Carrol Levis" of football—and he was doing this before the stage star was born!

Send your Stories,
Jokes and Ideas
to the Editor

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

"No, Sir. I'm not doing acrobatics. I'm rattling this handle just to be different. Cook won't take any notice of meiwows."



This England

A view of the well-known harbour at Brixham, Sth. Devon.



BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE A DIME

The owner of this pitch knows human nature. Could anyone resist such an appeal?



NAUGHTYCAL

Susan Hayward goes all nautical in C. B. De Mille's sea saga, "Reap the Wild Wind." Now we know the meaning of "It's an ill wind"—or do we?



The only time queueing is a pleasure. Well, it's always a jolly picnic when kiddies get together, and, after all, even "safety-first" measures can provide lots of fun.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Boys,
I'm
trans-
ferring"

